

The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus An-

dronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars of he Geaths,
with the ravishment of his daughter Lavinia by the Empresse two sons,
through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the swor of Tius
in the war with his revenge upon them for their ciuell
an in humane act.

To the tune of Fortune my Foe.



Thou noble minds and famous martial wights
That in defence of Native Country fights:
Give ere to me that ten years sought for Rome,
Yet rapt disgracie at my returning home.

In Rome I liv'd in fame full thre score years,
My name beloved was of all my Peers:
And five and twenty valiant sons I had,
Whoseoward vertues made their father glad.
For when Romes foes their warlike forces felt,
Against them still my sons and I were sent:
Against the Goaths full ten yorts weary war
We spent, receiving many a bloody scar.

First two and twenty of my sons were slain,
Before I did return to Rome again:
Of five and twenty so is I brought but three,
All to the stately Towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquerre home did bring
And did present my prisoners to the King:
The Queen of Goths her sons and the a Moor,
Who did such murders if she was none before.

The Emperour did make the Queen his wife,
Which dyed in Rome debate and deadly strife:
The Moor with her two sons did grow so proud,
That none like them in Rome was then allowd.

The Moor so pleas'd the now made Emperors eye
That he consented with him secretly:
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And so in time a Blackamore she bed.

When the whose thoughts to murder was incind
Consented with the Moor with bloody mind:
Against my self my kind and all my friends,
In truell sort to bring them to their ends.

So when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both woe and grieel began then to increase:
Amongst my Sons I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My Lavinia was bet othed then
To Cesars son, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the Emperours wife,
And her two sons bereated was of life.

He being slain was cast in cruell wise,
Into a darksome den from light of skies,
The cruell Moor did come that way as then,
With my three sons, who fell into that den.

The Moor then fetcht the Emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed
And when my sons within the den were leard,
In wrongfull prison they were set and bound.

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BAt now beholde that wounded mox my mind
The Empress two sons of Tygers kind:
My daughter ravished without remorce,
And took away her honour quite perforce.
When they had tasted of so sweet a flower,
Feeling so sweet shold quickly turn to sorwes
They cut her sonne, whereby sho could not tell,
How that dishonor unto her refel.
Then both her hands they bately cut off quite,
Wherby their wickednes she could not write:
So with needle on her hamper sow,
To the bloody workers of her dismal woe.
My brother Marcus sound her in the wood,
Stonking the grally ground with purple blood:
That trickled from her stumps & handless arms,
So tongue at all she had to tell her harms.
But when I saw her in that wosfull case,
With teare of blood I wet my aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more,
Then for my two and twenty sons before.
When as I saw she could not wriit nor speake,
Wherby my aged heart began to breake:
She spred a heip of sand upon the ground,
Wherby these bloody tyrants we outstand.
So with a gasso without the help of hand,
She wriit these wordes upon a plot of sand:
The hundreth sons of the proude Emperesse,
Are vniuersall hatefull wicke dresse.
I toke the milke white haire from off my head,
I curst the hour wherin I fift was bred:
I wriit the hand that fought for Countries fame
In crable rockt has frest qhen stracken lame.
The Emperesse delighting still in villany,
Did say to set my sons from prison frā:
I leu'd onto the King my right hand gife,
And then my three impsoned sons shoule live.

The Emperesse caus'd to strike it off with sped;
Wherat I grieved not to see it bled:
But for my sons would willingly impart,
And so their ransome send my bleeding heart,
But as my life did linger then in pain,
They sent to me my boflesse hand again:
And therewithall the heads of my thre sons,
Which fel my dying heart with fresher groans.
Then past relief I up and down did go,
And with my tears walt in the dust my we,
I shot my arrow towards heaven high,
And so revenge to hell did sometimes cry.
The Empress thinking then that I was mad,
Like Furies she and both her sons were glad:
To nam'd revenge, and rape and murder they,
To undermine and know what I woud say.
I see their scoldish behis a little space,
Untill my friends and I did fird a space:
Wher both her sons unto a post were bound,
Wher jas revenge in cruell sort was found.
I cut their throats my daughter hein the pan
Betwixt her stumps, wherein the blood did ten:
And then I ground their benes to powder small,
And made a pastye for Pies straignt therewithal.
Then with their flesh I made two mighty Pies,
And at a banquet serv'd in fately wise:
Before the Empress set this loathsome meat,
No of her sons own fel she well did eat.
My self hereat'd my daughter then of life,
The Empress then I fel in with bloody knise:
And lab'd the Emperour immedately,
And then my self, and so did Iius dpe.
Then this revenge agaist the Emperour was send,
Alise they set him hal into the ground:
Wheras he fode unill such time he fel'd,
And so God send all murtherers my be vere d.

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